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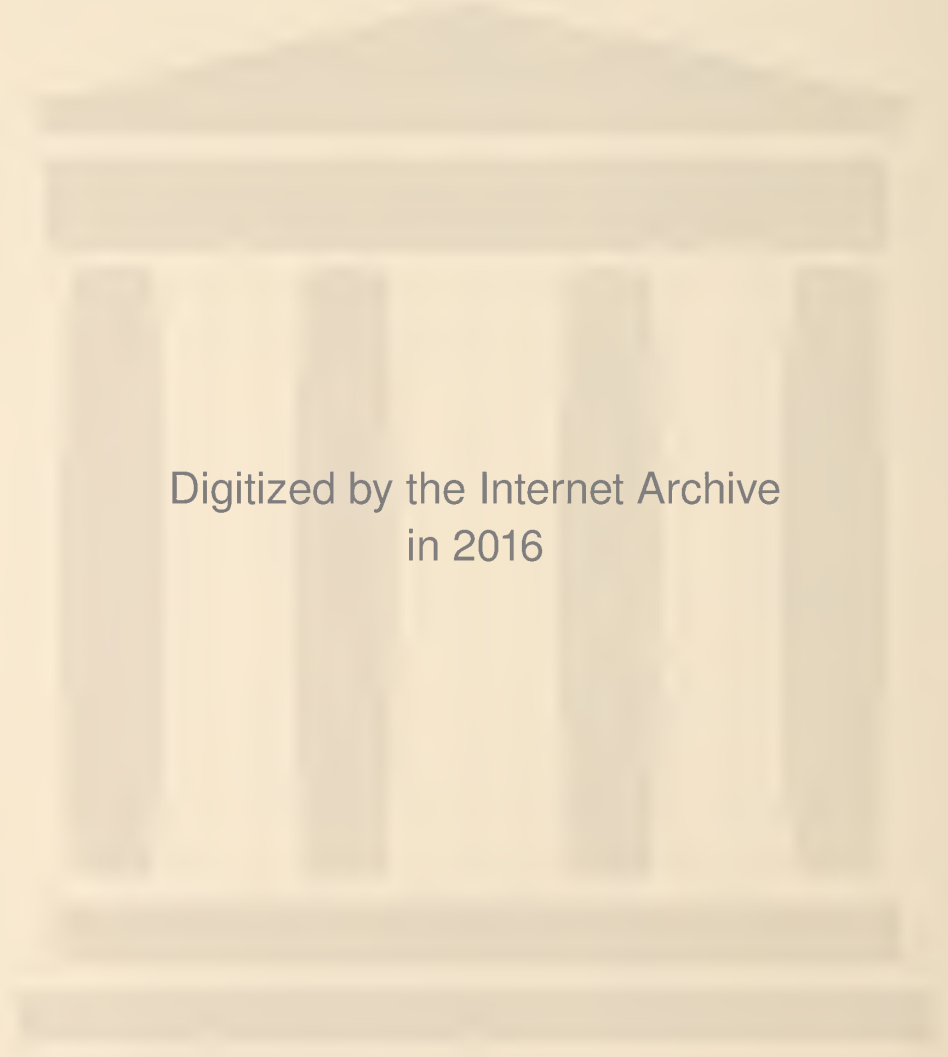
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THE LEHIGH BURR.

Vol. 11. MARCH 2nd, 1892. No. 13.

PUBLISHED EVERY TEN DAYS DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR.

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EDITORIAL.

IN publishing the first prize oration of this year's contest THE BURR deviates a trifle from the custom of former times. But this is the practice in vogue at a great many colleges, and we think it is a commendable one.

This year's competition was so remarkably good, and was so highly spoken of by those present who were competent to judge, that we feel justified in printing the effort which met the greatest approbation of the judges, and we know it will be read with pleasure and with profit.

BETHLEHEM is such a quaint old town, with so many pretty legends connected with it, and withal such an air of antiquity about it, that we feel no apology is needed for presenting to our readers from time to time bits of its history. In this issue we have the pleasure of publishing a short illustrated sketch of that much talked of individual, Uncas, and we hope to follow this up by various other stories more or less familiar to all who have lived in Bethlehem. It is a recognized fact that people are less acquainted with the wonders of their own age and locality than are those who with considerable pleasure have heard and read about them. And so it is that the transient visitor to this vicinity has perhaps heard and thought more about those little incidents of history than have Bethlehemites themselves. At any rate, we trust we may occasionally bring something new before our patrons, and even should we not do so we may stir up the memory of some forgotten tale.

EDUCATIONAL matters have never before assumed the state of perfection they now enjoy, and yet through all this there runs a vein of chaotic confusion. Questions of vital import are daily coming up for discussion and decision, and among them none are of more prime importance than is that which bears on shortening the present four years' college course. When men like President Eliot, of Harvard, and Dr. Harris, Commissioner of Education, give a subject like this their attention it is high time for the thinking world to give heed that the best interests of the greatest number may be considered in the final adjustment. The advisability of curtailing the time necessary to spend in study in order to obtain a degree is by no means a settled question. Dr. Harris, than whom no other is better able to judge, tells us that colleges and universities all over the land are raising their standards both for admission and for graduation. This must of a certainty be attended with detrimental results. In the first place, it will crowd out large numbers anxious to derive the benefits to be gotten out of a college course. It will tend to draw away large numbers from the smaller colleges and augment the list of students at the larger seats of learning. It will in time raise the age of entrance into college so much as to require

the birth of a school between the preparatory schools and the colleges, and thus give rise to complications rather than to symplifying the educational system. Dr. Harris offers what we take as a very good suggestion—that is, not to lower the entrance conditions, nor to raise them, but to place in post-graduate and elective courses a number of the subjects which are superfluous to a good all-round education, and then allow those who can to take advantage of the advanced courses of study.

OUR remarks in the preceding issue of THE BURR relative to a proper display for the University at the World's Fair have called forth a number of suggestions from alumni who realize that Lehigh should be as well represented as the best colleges in the country.

At present the whole affair is decidedly *in embryo*, and before anything definite is done we hope that both graduates and undergraduates will give it some thought, and let their opinions find publicity in the columns of THE BURR. As we have previously intimated, there are two general methods to adopt: an extra effort might be made and a bridge designed and built by the students—such is the suggestion of one alumnus,—or the exhibit might consist of merely normal productions of the University's work, in which case there would be sent only the best theses, drawings, etc.

Of course, there are a great many things to be taken into consideration before either plan is settled upon; there are numerous drawbacks in both cases. It must be borne in mind that any elaborate exhibition of work would cost a great deal of money, a respectable bridge model probably not less than five hundred dollars. On the other hand, drawings and pictures would require considerable wall space, perhaps more than the Exposition authorities would be willing to allow, so that it may be found expedient not to send anything. THE BURR is in communication with the persons from whom this information may be obtained, and will publish it when possible.

In the mean time, we trust those connected with the college will give the matter their attention, remembering the following facts: If there is to be a representation it must be with the authority of the faculty, and if the best institutions do not send exhibits Lehigh wants to stay out of it.

THE PROVINCE OF THE IDEAL.

MEN are dreamers. Surrounding objects and inanimate beings have the power of awakening the feelings and suggesting to the imagination ideas distinct from their material and literal impressions. Air and water, mountain and valley, sunshine and cloud are not content to remain what their earthly names imply, but raise themselves to such a plane where, surrounded by a mist of awe-inspiring grandeur, they persuade us they are nobler and more worthy than they seem. Nature is always yearning to exalt herself and will be idealized, and whether she falls into the hands of poetry or devotion, genius or skill, she is idealized whenever her real office is apprehended.

This power of contemplation is not the heritage of a select few. Ideality has its seat in the soul, and in this capacity it varies in the individual. An idealist may never write a poem, nor need he have genius or even talent. If his temperament be susceptible to genial influences, if he has subjected his selfishness to the law of love and kindness, he has every constituent of genuine idealism.

In the accomplishment of its object it is in the province of the ideal to elevate the common mind by consummating excellence and deepening true enjoyment, by widening the realm of sympathy and detecting in the grand music of nature those strains which are lost to grosser minds and ears. Above all, it is devoted to

appropriating to the heart those delicate elements of wisdom and knowledge which the common drudgery of everyday life so often unfits it to realize. It grants to literature its rights and seats philosophy on its throne.

Life is void without an ideal. All men need its stimulus. It is a universal desire required by our common individual natures. Reduce life to the estimate of common logic, and what is it worth? There is no pleasure to be derived from the prosaic routine of a human existence. We must have a better world than that in which we actually live. Nature provides us with far-reaching thoughts and fancies which disclose to us some grander destiny. We comprehend beyond us a reality far surpassing that within our grasp, and by its invigorating energy we force ourselves to conquer the dull monotony and realism of the world.

Idealism is a dream essential to the wholeness of human life; its presence, vivid and splendid, makes life strong and attractive. When it fades, beauty and hopefulness are gone. We in this age are not in any imminent danger of underestimating this truth in its relation to our intellectual and physical existence. Our forefathers settled in an unknown land with their ideals of liberty and equality. Patiently they surmounted every obstacle, sacrificing every comfort to accomplish their dream. Thus hope never failed. They felled forests and pierced the yielding soil. They embodied their wise ideas in wise institutions. They educated the young, and now no nation believes so profoundly in the advancement of mental culture as our own. To give not only the rudiments of an education, but a training to include the higher accomplishments, is the ambition of a system which we claim typifies the glory of our American Republic. Observe the effect. Cities have been built; states founded; waters now flow in channels of our own creation; towering mountains are bored; the hidden depths are laid upon the surface; mighty rivers are spanned; the shrill whistle announces the locomotive on the plains; the steamship floats on every sea; with a network of wires we communicate with every civilized land; the click of the telegraph, the flash of the electric light, and the voice of the telephone all proclaim the glory and mastery of man. But, never stopping, upward and onward he goes. The jurist toils with the problem of equal rights, the physician seeks to prolong to its utmost our earthly career. And why—why is all this labor, all this sacrifice, all this toil? For personal gratification, for wealth, for fame? No. Each sees before him an ideal toward which he ever reaches, toward which all his energies are devoted. All have before them the one thought of placing man on such a throne as to command the resources of the universe, to enjoy infinite perfection. But with all this success, with all this glory, are we satisfied? Are pleasure and peace synonymous terms? There comes a time when every earnest soul is filled with dissatisfaction, when enthusiasm and power long for a nobler and loftier range of action. There are times when, turning from the ordinary, there comes a discontent not born of failure, a weariness not from mere excess. The day is done. The busy round of tasks and amusements have ceased their noisy din. Silently the outward floats away and leaves the soul alone with you. Then comes to you a voice—a voice whose supernatural tone brings a shudder to your very frame. It says: "Is this the whole of Life? Is this all? Is there not something—some one to raise me from my meaner self, to teach me to be a hero for the right—a cause so noble, a leader so sublime, that, forgetful of myself, I might go after him?" Sacrifice then becomes a joy. Oh, show me such a destiny! Reality returns, you awake. Ah, you have seen a vision, you have dreamed a dream, you have found your ideal. Reach, oh, reach out for it. Strain every muscle, every nerve. The victory is won, for He will show us all.

OF course I attended the oratorical contest on the twenty-second, and really enjoyed the occasion exceedingly. But there is a peculiar feeling that comes over me whenever I hear applause or laughter in the Chapel, and it struck me with as much force last week as it did on a similar occasion three years ago. We are now and then reminded rather strongly by the authorities that our Chapel is a sacred edifice and as such should be revered, and I confess I am not a little astonished that they should countenance such behavior. If some students behave erratically on Sunday and laugh and talk with each other a little during the service, is it any wonder? They are brought up from their entrance to applaud the president's speeches on weekdays and "come up" on George Washington; to listen to all sorts of oratory besides sermons, and under these circumstances I consider them a remarkably well behaved set of chaps. Further, I hold that so long as the Chapel is used as a theatre on Founder's Day and Washington's Birthday, just so long will religious influence at Lehigh cease to grow.

* * *

I was sorry to hear the stamping after the benediction, but much more so to be obliged to witness some really ungentlemanly behavior on the part of a few after the service was over. It is only on certain state occasions that we have the pleasure of playing the host to the Bishopthorpe girls and it seems to me they should then be treated with every courtesy. A little thoughtlessness may work great harm, and while I urge on the students to try to restrain their feelings in the future, I apologize, in their behalf, to the young ladies on the hill.

* * *

The Bethlehems were in gay attire on Washington's Birthday. The drum corps paraded the streets the whole day, while the small boy shot his pistol and exploded his gigantic firecracker. The national colors floated from every prominent building, and I could not help but remark what a patriotic people we are among.

I said that from every prominent place there waved the emblem of our land. I am afraid I spoke too soon, for from those majestic buildings at the foot of the mountain not a strip of bunting was to be seen; there was nothing to indicate the celebration of a national holiday. Moreover, I could discover no place whence a flag could fly. This seemed to me rather odd, for I do not remember to have ever before seen a similar institution in just this condition.

Upon inquiry I learned that at one time the University owned a flag, and that its last appearance was from the tower of Packer Hall on the occasion of our first athletic victory over Lafayette. What a proud old flag that must be, and why has it been so ruthlessly cast aside? I have no doubt that if it could have its own way, we would see it on every occasion of our rejoicing, and I hope that some day some one will take pity on it and once more set it to the breeze.

GENERAL NEWS.

PROF. WILLIAMS'S LECTURE.

THE lecture delivered by Prof. Williams before the college Y. M. C. A., on "The Two Books," was a most interesting one, and it was thoroughly enjoyed by all who heard it. After a few introductory remarks, in which he congratulated the association on the work they are doing, Prof. Williams spoke about as follows:

"The two records of the creation of the world are the Bible and Geology. Both are in a sense incomplete, as the Bible has passed through so many translations and been copied so many times that there are differences of opinion as to the correct version; and as our researches in the field of Geology are so limited, and the history of the world framed from such fragmentary testimony, that we must be prepared to change our theories at any time if new discoveries should warrant it. If Christianity be true both records must agree, and both must be the very truth. Although there are several interpretations of the word 'day' in the Bible, we must bear in mind that, however the first six days may have been described as ending, there is no record of the seventh day, and, therefore, it is claimed by some that we are living in the day in which the Creator rested from his work, and, as this day has been of great extent, it may be possible that the other six days were of equal or of greater extent. The nebular hypothesis presumes that there was a nebulous mass of matter of such intense heat that all the elements composing the solar system were in a state of vapor, and that the centre of gravity of that nebula is now occupied, presumably, by the centre of the sun. This mass was given motion about its centre of gravity, and the centrifugal and centripetal forces in it caused it to throw off various rings, each revolving about the sun as a centre, and also about its own centre of gravity. These rings merged into spheroidal masses and formed the planetary system in which is included the earth; but before losing their own similarity to the original nebulous mass, it is very probable that the planets threw off the bodies which form their moons, as they were originally thrown off themselves. Being surrounded by the intense cold of interstellar space, the earth constantly lost heat. Originally a gaseous mass in which all of the volatile elements were in the atmosphere, it gradually acquired a thin crust, which grew more and more rigid with the loss of heat. This crust gradually contracted and became covered with a universal ocean from which were sent off clouds of steam, and upon which was falling continuous rain. Gradually the clouds of moisture were dissipated and the light of the sun was dimly perceptible. This ended the first day. Finally the clouds lifted, forming a "firmament," thus ending the second day. The continued strains upon the rigid crust soon caused undulations in the surface, whose crests appeared above the waters, forming the first lands. In the rocks which were joined in these earliest times, by sedimentation and metamorphism, we find distinctive traces of vegetable life, thus agreeing with the verses in Genesis summarizing the work of the third day. The clouds now broke up, and between them could readily pass the light of the sun, moon, and planets; thus the fourth day ended. Cooling more rapidly, the temperature of the north was soon so reduced that animal life could exist; and the work of the fifth day was accomplished when the fish and fowl appeared. The early rocks, just above those indicating plant life, and, therefore, later formations, give us proofs of animal life. Upon the appearance of man the sixth day was ended. Whether or not man came from lower types of animals we do not yet know; we lack the links which would bring conclusive proof.

"We find thus that the book of Genesis and the book of Geology agree as to the main

facts. Geology is in its infancy. We know that the record is a true one; but we do not know if we are reading it aright. Every day brings a new rendering to the story; but the drift is toward a more complete harmony of the two records, and where there is a divergence we can lay it to the limitations of our knowledge rather than to a conflict between them."

DINNER OF THE WASHINGTON ASSOCIATION.

THE first annual dinner of the Washington Association of Lehigh Alumni was held at the Hotel Cochran, Washington, D. C., the evening of February 20, 1892. The gathering was quite characteristic of Lehigh—small, but very enthusiastic.

There were present, Milnor D. Paret, '78, and Wm. A. Heindle, '91, from Baltimore; M. D. Sohon,'90, from Bethlehem; Felix Freyhold, '85, John S. Siebert, '86, Alex. Bounot, '87, Ralph W. Lee, ex-'87, R. P. Barnard, '89, Edward A. Wright, '89, Chas. H. Boynton, '89, A. E. Phillips, '90, H. J. Sherman, '90, and J. J. Edson, ex-'93.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: Miles Rock, '69, president; James A. Watson, '84, first vice-president; Charles H. Boynton, '89, second vice-president; Ralph P. Barnard, '89, secretary and treasurer.

A committee of three, consisting of Messrs. Boynton, Lee, and Barnard, was appointed to arrange, if possible, a game of lacrosse with the 'Varsity team in Washington during the coming season.

ORATORICAL CONTEST.

THE competitors for the alumni oratorical prize delivered their orations in the chapel on the morning of Washington's Birthday. The subjects and speakers, as previously announced, were: "The Fruits of the Reformation," Gilbert F. Burnett; "The Taking of the Bastile," George Stern; "The Province of the Ideal," Schuyler B. Knox; "John Ericsson," Joseph C. Ballou; "The Fruits of the Reformation," Robert C. H. Heck; "The Taking of the Bastile," Charles W. Gearhart; "The Province of the Ideal," Edwin C. Reynolds. The judges, Dr. W. L. Estes, Mr. G. B. Linderman, and Prof. W. A. Robinson, decided as follows: The first prize, Mr. Knox; the second prize, Mr. Ballou; the third prize, Mr. Reynolds. In announcing the result, Dr. Coppée remarked that the orations were the best that have yet been delivered on this occasion.

THE MINSTRELS.

THE opera house was packed to the doors on Saturday evening last, the occasion of the first entertainment by the Lehigh University Minstrel Club. It was distinctively a college audience, and an enthusiastic one.

The programme opened with an overture by the orchestra which appeared to delight the listeners, this being followed, of course, by numerous jokes and gags in the good old minstrel way. Part I was a collection of splendid songs and brilliant "hits," although the last were in some cases rather rough. As end men, Ordway and Clarke were decidedly funny. Mr. Quigley was in his usual good voice, and his song was pretty. The other singers, too, all did well, but the topical song of Mr. Brady was received with especial favor. "The Telephone" was a good finale for this part.

The second half, consisting of specialties, did not please the audience so well as the first, but some of them were remarkably good. Messrs. Schumann, Winfree, Hipkins, and Jones were very clever in their acrobatic performance, and Mr. Gallagher was well applauded in his song and dance. Mr. Bray's monologue was witty and his imitations were excellent. The dancing of Messrs. Douglass and Bannan was splendid. The farce at the end was somewhat buffoonery, but the crowd left well pleased, and the performance was certainly a success. Here is the programme:

PART I.

Overture, ... L. U. Orchestra.
Dreaming Song, ... Mr. Quigley.
He Never Came Back, ... Mr. W. S. Jones.
Afloat, ... Mr. A. B. Sharpe.
The Man Who Struck O'Hara . . Mr. Mullen.
If the Waters could Speak as They Flow, ... Mr. S. D. Cushing.
Topical Song, ... Mr. Brady.
Quartette, ... L. U. Glee Club.
Finale, ... Telephone.

PART II.

Horizontal Bar and Tumbling, . . . Schumann and Winfree, Hipkins and Jones.
Song and Dance, ... Mr. Gallagher.
Monsieur Bosbyshulleex, the Wizard of West Bethlehem.
Visit to Uncle Pete, ...
Gilmore's Band, ... L. U. Banjo Club.
Monologue, ... Mr. Bray.
Farce, ... ? ? ?

S. D. Cushing, *President;* Henry Adams, *Business Manager:* Prof. J. Fred Wolle, *Musical Director.*

EDITORS' TABLE.

WE sat down last night to grind out our Table, but were quite dismayed to discover the alarming scarcity of ideas which then reigned supreme. We thought and thought; then we thought that we were thinking unnecessarily, and immediately thought of the folly of thinking *that*—and so on until we were tired; but no ideas came. It seemed to our deluded fancy that we saw ideas now and then in a hazy sort of a way; but the wary spirits must have seen the hungry look in our eye, for they fled at our every approach. Finally we gave up the chase, tossed our thinking cap into a corner, grabbed the shears and paste-pot, and commenced to delve among the many exchanges which awaited recognition upon the Table. By the way, this continual acquaintance with the exchanges is the boon of our editorial life; and in this we must disagree with our fellow-worker on the *Vassar Miscellany*, who writes:

"Our exchanges seem to grow wearily monotonous after a while. The little outburst of enthusiasm with which we started on our editorial career has long since died away, and we can find nothing to say but the same old comments over and over again."

Truly, it is a monotonous task if this is the way, it seems to us; but there is always a certain freshness and crispness about the various exchanges as they drop in the Sanctum from the colleges and universities all over the country, which renders our chats with them anything but monotonous. We welcome them as old friends and look forward to their visits with pleasant anticipation. Among them all few are more cordially received at the Table than the *Vassar Miscellany* itself. In the February number we find a very cleverly written sketch, "His Little Cordelia." "De Temporibus et Moribus" is also fully up to former standards, and in the following bit of verse we have a peep, perhaps, into the real nature of things:

VASSAR TO HARVARD.

Your gay *Lampoon*, all life and fun,
I place beside our *Miscellany*,
And envy you each joke and pun—
We're far too brainy.

We write on politics, finance—
Ruled strictly out the smallest jibe is—
And quote remarks of Socke's and Kant's,
We have no Ibis.

If once our *Misc.* a grind should print,
Ah, woe betide the poor transgressor!
While you can roast, without a stint,
Each sage professor.

We dull and serious are, by fate,
And leave to you the fun and folly,
Yet underneath our air sedate
We're just as jolly.

The *Harvard Monthly* presents an able article on the "Chilean Imbroglio," a well written little poem, and an interesting description of Harvard's early history. In the latter we find the origin of the name of Harvard's famous Hasty Pudding Club:

"Next was the Hasty Pudding Club, which had a high rank as a literary society. We always had an oration, essay, or discussion, and frequently a poem, at each meeting. But one object of interest at the Hasty Pudding meetings was the dish which gave the club its name. A woman named Simpson, who lived on what is now Church Street, had the faculty of making remarkably good puddings. After the discussion some member would rise and say, 'I move we go to pot.' Two members then took the pot on a pole and departed for Mrs. Simpson's, whence they brought back with them the hasty pudding. We used milk or molasses for accompaniment, and feasted with no ordinary limitation."

The *Brown Magazine* has some excellent verse this month, the two sonnets on "Art" and "The Æolian Harp" being particularly good. Concerning the recent improvement in the marking system at Brown, the *Magazine* remarks:

"The system of marking best adapted to the particular needs of an institution should be the one enforced. The ideal system is that which presents the least coërsion. . . . A free system of marking throws the responsibility of doing faithful work upon the students. This is as it should be. If they have ambition to improve their opportunities they will improve them, but can not be forced to do so. It is the duty of the instructor to inspire ambition. If this is done, good results may be expected."

In the *Brunonian* we find very well written editorials, and an interesting article on "Brown's First Aquatic Victory." The verse is below the usual standard, however.

The *Yale Record* and its contemporary, the *Courant*, are decidedly the best exchanges of the week. In the former the satire on "Harry's Career at Yale" is well worth perusal. In the *Courant* we find some excellent verse. We clip this:

OF LYDIA'S EYE.

When Lydia mourns, deep in her eye
Is born a tear,—a gem, of dye
Most clear, that grief makes liquefy
When Lydia mourns.

When Lydia laughs, her eye the while
Beams like a pearl-bound sapphire isle,
Whereon all nature deigns to smile,
When Lydia laughs.

TSCHOOP, THE INDIAN.

IN these days of novelties and doing away with old things one is apt to forget that we have a past, that we have a history. I don't know why this is unless we are living busier lives than did our grandfathers. Our great men are buried with solemn pomp, vast concourses of people attend the côrtege that follows their remains to the grave, and there gradually their stars vanish from the horizon and the world which once waxed enthusiastic in their praises becomes oblivious of their memories and turns toward new lights, some of greater, some of less brilliancy than their predecessors. That heroes, as a rule, are soon forgotten is an accepted truism.

So it is with a bit of humanity whose ashes lie beneath the sod of the old Moravian Cemetery. If you look down the long rows of graves in the section of that historic burying ground devoted to the Indians, you can not fail to see a single rosebush, a silent sentinel keeping watch over all that remains to us of the once famous John Tschoop. This was the Christian name of an Indian who is to-day perhaps better known as Uncas, the last of the Mohican tribe, son of Chingachgook, and also a direct descendant of Tamenund, the greatest of the Sagamores of the Delaware tribe. There is little known of the early days of Uncas. He

is thought to have wandered from the waters of the Great Salt Lake through the heart of the country until he joined the major part of his clan in the fastnesses of the Pocono Mountains. From this on to his death, and even as to the manner of his death, historians differ. Cooper paints a picturesque scene in which he meets his father after years of separation; the only sign by which they could recognize each other was the tortoise which each had tattooed on his breast, this being the rude coat of arms of the ruling family of the Lenni Lenape, or Delawares as they were afterwards called. The old chief, the novelist tells us, received Uncas with tears of joy, and then, like a dutiful son, our hero joined his warlike parent in a war which was then being waged with the Hurons and was shortly after killed in an engagement fought somewhere in this vicinity. He was buried with his martial cloak around him and amid all the weirdness of an Indian function of this order. The Moravians have a tradition which relates the conversion of the Mohican and his subsequent death while engaged in missionary work among his people. This is probably the authentic history of the last days of Uncas, for otherwise he would not have been a subject for Christian burial. However, we know that he was much admired by the people of his day.

Instances of great devotion to him were quite common. One can almost hear the despondent warrior as he moans over the grave of the dead Uncas: "Why hast thou left us, pride of the Wapanachki? Thy time has been like that of the sun when in the trees; thy glory brighter than his light at noonday. Thou art gone, youthful warrior, but a hundred Wyandottes are clearing the briars from thy path to the world of spirits. Who that saw thee in battle would believe that thou couldst die? Who before thee has ever shown Uttawa the way into the fight? Thy feet were like the wings of the eagles; thine arm heavier than falling branches from the pine-tree, and thy voice like the Manitto when he speaks in the clouds. The tongue of Uttawa is weak and his heart exceedingly heavy. Pride of the Wapanachki, why hast thou left us?"

CALENDAR.

Wednesday, March 2.—Electrical Society meets at 7.30 P.M.

Sunday, March 6.—Bible Class meets in the Gymnasium meets at 3.30 P.M. Christian Association meets in the Gymnasium at 6.30 P.M.

FRATERNITY NOTES.

—P. Drayton, '92, has been chosen Grand Gamma of the Chi Phi Fraternity.

—The Sigma Phis gave a dance at their residence on Fountain Hill on Tuesday, Feb. 9.

—The Sigma Phi chapter house at Cornell will probably be ready for its occupants by Easter.

—Delta Kappa Epsilon has recently established a chapter at the University of Pennsylvania.

—The total membership of Greek letter societies in American colleges is estimated at 75,000.—*Ex.*

—The various societies which met in a Pan-Hellenic convention last spring decided to hold their next convention in 1893 at Chicago.

—The Delta Tau Delta convention in New York on February 22nd was attended by Messrs. G. P. Case, Dodge, Johnson, and Haines, of the Beta Lambda Chapter.

—The president of the Leland Stanford Jr. University, Dr. J. S. Jordan, is a graduate of Cornell, class of '72, and a member of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity.—*Alpha Phi Notes.*

—There are in New York City eight fraternity chapter houses, viz.: Delta Psi, Delta Phi, Psi Upsilon, Sigma Phi, Delta Kappa Epilson, and Alpha Delta Phi. The latter took possession of its house on December 20, 1890, and is the latest arrival.—*Ex.*

—A fraternity was established, not long ago, at Grove City College contrary to the laws that be, and the result was that as soon as the newly initiated members appeared in college with their mystic pins they were expelled by the faculty.

COLLEGE NOTES.

—Brown has adopted a new pin.

—Coëducation is being agitated at Brown.

—Princeton has petitioned the faculty for chapel at eight o'clock.

—The Harvard Annex has an attendance of 215 students this year.

—The Stanford University has already started a coöperative society.

—Amherst will have a new chemical laboratory which will cost $100,000.

—Leland Stanford Jr. University has adopted cardinal as the college color.

—The income which supports Stanford University is derived from the vineyard.

—President Bartlett of Dartmouth has resigned, his resignation to take effect next commencement.

—On Washington's Birthday Hon. Grover Cleveland addressed the students of the University of Michigan.

—A column in the Sunday edition of the New York *World* will be hereafter devoted to college verse.

—The Universities of Oxford and Michigan have exactly the same number of students enrolled this year.

—A college press club has been organized at Wesleyan by the newspaper correspondents in the University.

—Twenty-four athletes and ten editors of college papers have received commencement appointments in the present Harvard Senior class.

—The Columbia College Dramatic Club presented "Confusion" and "The Trial by Jury" last week at Berkeley Lyceum, New York.

—The Glee Club at Rutgers has discarded dress suits, and will hereafter appear at its concerts in gowns and mortarboards, English student fashion.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

—Bowdoin will not put a crew on the water this year.

—The Harvard cricket eleven has commenced practice.

—There are fifty candidates for the University of Pennsylvania nine.

—Yale crews have been practicing on the water since February 1st.

—The University of Michigan has been granted five college days for their eastern trip.

—Gruber will coach the Yale nine in batting, and will pitch to the principal candidates three times a week.

—A base-ball nine has recently been organized in Japan by graduates of Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia, and the University of Michigan.

—The first inter-collegiate foot-ball game that has ever taken place in Georgia was played between the University of Georgia and Mercer University recently.

—Captain Trafford, of the Harvard eleven, will hold meetings during the spring for the members of the foot-ball team to discuss the game. The meetings will be attended by prominent graduates.

—Harry Sumner, the pitcher for the Oberlin College base-ball team last year, has entered Cornell from Lehigh. He has already begun training in the gymnasium and will probably practice for second base.—*Ex.*

—New York capitalists propose to merge Manhattan Field and the Polo Grounds into one large athletic field. A new $100,000 house will be erected, and the field is to be made the finest for athletics in the country.

—There are now College Y. M. C. A. buildings at Princeton, Yale, Cornell, University of Michigan, Dartmouth, Hamilton, Hanover College, and the Universities of Iowa, Tennessee, and Minnesota.

KERNELS.

—The Lafayette winter sports are not open to Lehigh this year.

—Harkins, the base-ball trainer, will coach the team after March 7.

—The Cornell mechanical and marine engineers will visit the zinc and iron works on Wednesday, March 23.

—The Juniors will hold their annual banquet on Friday evening, March 11, at the Hotel Allen in Allentown.

—The regular meeting of the Inter-Collegiate Lacrosse Association has been called to meet at the Lafayette in Philadelphia on Saturday, March 5.

—The Freshmen have elected F. J. Wheeler, manager, and B. M. McDonald, captain of their lacrosse team. F. T. Haines was elected athletic representative.

—The extensions and changes in the athletic grounds, as indicated in the preceding issue of The Burr, are being rapidly pushed. The total cost is estimated at $1700.

CLIPPINGS.

THE melancholy days are come—
The saddest of the year—
The foot-ball season's over now
And base-ball is not yet here.

—*Princeton Tiger.*

WELLESLEY DEMOCRACY.

"WHY waste your time on him," I said,
"The man is silly, stupid, flat."
Rebelliously she shook her head,
"A man's a man for a' that."

—*Wellesley Prelude.*

A MARTYR TO PRINCIPLE.

"I WOULD not use tobacco, sir,
It is a filthy weed;
I would not put it in my mouth,"
Said little Robert Reed.

So Robert hastened to a store,
Much to his friend's regret,
And, laying down a one-cent piece,
Received a cigarette.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

AN IDYL.

HE stands before his glass in doubt;
His beard by night hath sprouted well.
He needs must scrape,—and yet without
He hears begin the lecture bell.
Too many times he's skipped the course—
He fears its doors on him may shut:
His blade is dull. Now which is worse,
To cut and shave, or shave and cut?

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

HE TOOK HIS LEAVE.

HER lips were autumn leaves, he said;
Their tint so soft and mellow.
That's why she brought her book of leaves.
To show the "dear old fellow."

I love to have them pressed, she said,
Those sun-kissed leaves, so dainty.
Why does he hesitate? She thought:
A Junior too! A Saint, eh?

'Twas not his fault. He wanted to;
Her gentle tact had won him;
But through the open door he saw
Her father's eye upon him.

—*University Cynic.*

HARD LUCK.

HE was a Senior learnèd,
An athlete, too he said;
She was a summer maiden
Whom chance to him had led.
They had talked and walked together.
And had driven, rowed, and danced,
While he wished to pop the question
At which many a man has blanched,
Stopping loath.

In the hammock they were sitting
On the last night of vacation,
When her hand touched his, and quickly
He was filled with strange elation.
"Wilt you be my own, my darling?"
Thus at last the words he spoke,
But the sounds had scarce been uttered
When the hammock fastening—broke,
Dropping both!

—*Bowdoin Orient.*

THE MERRYTHOUGHT.

'TWAS a happy little maiden,
Eyes with cunning fraught,
Who, one dinner, with me tried to
Break a "merrythought."

"Which of us will live the longer?"
So she whispered low;
Soon the fateful lot determined
Who was first to go.

Presently there came another
Wishbone by her way;
And she asked me: "Who'll the sooner
See the wedding day?"

But she paused — then with her sister
Pulled it; for she knew
That the bone could not be broken
Equally in two.

—*Lafayette.*

THE DIRGE OF YEARS.

"Awful is the dirge of years."—*Beecher.*

FAR sadder than solemn anthems,
Far deeper than sighs or tears,
Far grander than ocean's thunder,
Is the awful dirge of years.

The dirge of the days departed,
The song by the ages sung,
The saga that first was chanted
When the earth and stars were young.

The struggles of men for duty,
The triumphs that follow strife,
The suffering, sorrow, and sadness
With which the years are rife.

Far sadder than solemn anthems,
Far deeper than sighs or tears,
Far grander than ocean's thunder,
Is the awful dirge of years.

—*Nassau Lit.*

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